



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE MAID OF BALLYMOAT

One day as I chanced to go roveing
Convenient to sweet Ballymoat
I met with a charming young^d fair one
Barby her own real abode
I thought she was Juno or Venus
On whom Paris the apple bestowed
Or the devil conceal'd in regins
That Pluto from Sicily stole

When first I beheld this fair creature
My heart got enamour'd and sore
So I sham'd to approach her
Her eyes I never saw before
Her cheeks were as red as the rose
And her skin was as white as the snow
Her Angels above adore her
Wherever my darling do go

It was then I accosted this fair one,

In hopes she might ease me from woes,
And Pittipassway that's complaining,
Or else quite distract'd I'll go,
When she says I don't know what you mean sir
You're very presumption and droll,
I will wait till my sisters gets married,
That's elder a year or two more,

Don't wait for your sister or brother,
For they must look out for their own,

You know that young men will degrade you
By waiting until you get old,

I have land from a very good master,
As prime as you have of your own,

And a plentiful house to maintain,
In a farm yard by the New Road,

Your land & your cows I dispise them,
Your horses & corn also,

Strange cows do wear very long horns,
And no milk in their dairies at home,

I will wait till we are better acquainted,
The truth is the best to be told,

Until my father agrees to the bargain,
I never will leave Ballymoat,

You grieve me with your allegation,
And wounded my feelings full sore,

To show that I was a poor stranger,
And but a half mile from my home,

The best way to settle the matter,
Is to come & see my abode,

And then if you think that I'm scheming^d
You'll know the straight way to get home

Do you think that I am such a fool,
I gave you your answer before,

Until I consult with my parents,
I never will leave Ballymoat,

So now if you mean to leave me,
You may scamper away to the roads,

And bring me the lease of your term,
And receipts for the year of sixty four,

For I have no objection my darling

My lease and receipts for to show,

But I'd like to consult with your parents,

As you would not willingly go,

Her father well lik'd the bargain,

Then he went and seen my house,

It was then he consign'd me his daughter,

In a farmyard by sweet Ballymoat,

P. Brereton Painter | Le Exchange St Dubln